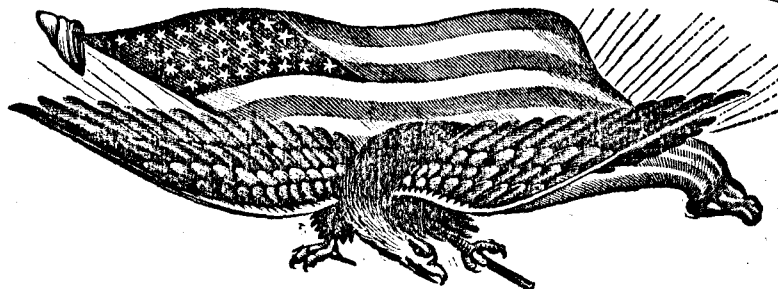


# DEAF MUTE GAZETTE.



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## THE National Deaf Mute Gazette

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### ANATOLE.

#### Chapter V.

The days immediately following the arrival of Madame de Saverny at Paris, were entirely devoted to the family visits which her brother required before everything and to the purchasing of various articles of ornament which Madame de Nangis regarded as absolutely necessary to the toilet of an elegant woman.

Having nothing to fear from the success of another, she was delighted with whatever added to the attractions of Valentine when she appeared for the first time in a grand assembly brilliantly and elaborately adorned, the good taste of her dress attesting the care which had been bestowed by Mad. de Nangis and the generous pleasure which she found in displaying the beauty of her sister in all its

perfection. It would be a mistake to infer from this conduct that Mad. de Nangis was incapable of envy, but one is rarely jealous of one's work, and the idea that Valentine owed her triumph to her made her a sharer in advance in its glory. A grand ball given by the princess de L. was the occasion of her appearance.

The beauty of Mad. de Saverny produced a much greater effect than had been anticipated by her sister in law. "Such a graceful figure," it was said, "captivating expression, dignified and gracious manners." Those who had exhausted their malice in witty remarks upon the Artemise of the concert of Mad. de Nangis were confounded and could not conceive that the mere talisman of a new dress could have the power to work such a metamorphose. Their malignity was reduced to the poor resource of acknowledging that the Marquise de Saverny had beauty but of an insignificant order. Those who had not seen her before argued with reason against this unjust opinion; and Valentine was not long in perceiving that she was the object of general attention. Modesty at first suffered a little but self love very soon felt the pleasure of being admired, she became still more agreeable for nothing embellishes like the certainty of pleasing. So much homage would perhaps have been too intoxicating had she not overheard a gentleman near her remark, "I distrust these perfect beauties, they are usually destitute of much natural intelligence and flattery renders them stupid." This sentence and the tone of contempt which accompanied it excited the curiosity of Valentine and she turned to discover the person of her censor. She beheld a man whose age recalled Mons. de Saverny but whose brilliant eyes and marked features gave to his physiognomy an expression inspiring fear rather than confidence. To avenge herself of the judgment which he had unconsciously pronounced a little too loudly, Mad. de Saverny turned toward her sister and enquired the name of this censorious gentleman.

"It is the Commandeur de St. Albert," replied Mad. de Nangis "an original who thinks he has the right to censure all because he is too old to amuse himself with anything. Out of regard to the Spanish ambassador whose intimate friend he is every one invites him. Your brother pretends that he is a man of much merit. He calls his brusqueness, energy, and his rudeness, frankness; I who care nothing for these disagreeable virtues, receive him as little as possible."

"It is a pity," replied Valentine, "you would have surely cured him of his prejudices."

These last words reached the ears of the commandeur and led him to suspect that he had been overheard by Mad. de Saverny. Instead of being horror-struck as he expected, she was to his surprise, eager to embrace the opportunity of an introduction offered by M. de Nangis. He concluded that the Marquise was anxious to prove to him the harshness of his judgment of beautiful women. He found her worthy of exception but carefully avoided admitting this to her. Very far removed from everything like gallantry he was chary of even merited praises. Under pretext of not spoiling women, he spoke of their faults with a contemptuous irony which made him dreaded, and when reproached for it he replied that this severity had done him better service in his age than all the fine sentiments of his youth. In truth, the desire to escape his severities was the secret of the deference of many, giving him reason to believe that women are more influenced by fear than flattery. It was already late when the chevalier d'Emerange, after occasioning anxiety by his delay, finally arrived. The pleasure of being waited for had so many charms for him that he often failed in his engagements for the mere gratification of hearing next day how impatiently he had been expected. For this time the presence of Mad. de Saverny had occupied everybody and the absence of the chevalier had been remarked by few. On entering the first saloon he was greatly astonished by the earnest conversation among the admirers of Valentine. To prove that he did not share in their enthusiasm and that he had already had sufficient opportunity for judging, he affected to linger sometime before entering the saloon where she stood and to do so at last only for the purpose of paying his compliments to Mad. de Nangis; but Mad. de Saverny had his first glance and the impression produced was all the more powerful because he was obliged to conceal it. He seemed scarcely to perceive her. Madame de Nangis who was becoming weary of the homage lavished upon her sister, was grateful to the chevalier for this negligence and rewarded it by devoting herself entirely to him. For some time he appeared to be charmed by this preference, but when he perceived that Mad. de Saverny paid no regard and that she was listening with interest to the conversation of the commandeur and others who surrounded her, he grew tired of the gayety of Mad. de Nangis and made his escape from her.

An irresistible attraction soon drew him toward Valentine. In spite of all his resolutions he was overpowered by the desire of pleasing her and resolving upon his plans he applied himself to the study of means for carrying them out. His difficulty was not so much how to conform himself to her tastes as to know them, and the chevalier resolved to use the wit of Mad. de Nangis to fathom that of Valentine, intending to assume the opinions and character most likely to impress the woman with whom he most desired to succeed.

#### Chap. VI.

Notwithstanding the gratification afforded to her self love, Valentine could not long submit to the excitements of a life so dissipated. She begged her sister to allow her the disposal of her mornings which she had been accustomed to devote to study, and to dispense sometimes with her attendance in the evening at those grand assemblies where ennui so often reigned; but when Mad. de Nangis resolved to remain at home, Valentine forced herself to join her and to share with her the burden of doing the honors of the house. M. d'Emerange, perceiving this resolution, never wanted a pretext for persuading Mad. de Nangis not to go out. Sometimes it was too cold or the play was detestable, besides, where converse so well as at home? Good or bad, his reasons were always accepted, and Mad. de Nangis interpreted them the more in her favour that the chevalier redoubled his attentions to her.

One evening when the ladies were nearly alone he surprised them

while laughing over an extremely ridiculous visit they had just received. "I believe it is on my account," said Valentine to her sister, "that you invite such absurdities. You seek to restore the pleasures of Nevers. Indeed you deceive yourself, we have nothing in the provinces so perfect as that."

"I do not know," said M. d'Emerange, "who the originals may be who have the happiness thus to excite your merriment, but I defy Nevers to produce anything so ridiculous as one meets every day in Paris."

"Indeed! I will wager," said Mad. de Nangis, "that you recognize our subjects."

"Ah! I have divined them," replied the chevalier, "is it not that idiot of a baron who translates German without having learned it? and makes verses upon *le oui, le non, le si, le car*, in fact upon all the monosyllables of the French language? His little wife has red eyes and black hands, worthy to exercise the muse of her husband. It was he who one day conceived the idea of disguising himself as a savage in order to act a charade which he had composed in honor of the fête of the pretty Duchess of R—. To make his costume more complete, he had borrowed the peruke of a ferocious beast, which produced an effect so remarkable upon his sheepish face that it was impossible to hear a single word of his piece, amid the bursts of merriment. Ah! he is an invaluable character whom it always gives me a true pleasure to meet."

"Have no regrets, it is not he whom we have seen." The chevalier then passed in review all the ridiculous persons he could remember. Madame de Saverny, although not recognising his portraits still could not resist laughing. He inferred that his malice amused her and became more sarcastic. But a word from Mad. de Nangis altered his tone. "Did I not tell you, Valentine, that the gayety of Mons. d'Emerange could overcome any sadness? You who vaunt the charms of melancholy, acknowledge that the pleasure is not worth that of laughter."

Nothing more was necessary to change the tactics of the chevalier. He adroitly turned the conversation to more serious subjects, relating without affectation some touching instances of sensibility and enjoyed the pleasure of being listened to with interest by Valentine. Mad. de Nangis, whom the chevalier had not accustomed to conversation of this kind, expressed her astonishment to him saying, "Would it be very indiscreet to enquire where you have read all this? truly, the Chevalier de Florian could say nothing so pathetic and I never could have suspected you of sentiments so sweet."

"How unjust is your judgment" replied the chevalier impatiently, "because the world expects the mind only to express itself in conversation you therefore conclude that one is without heart. Do you not know that life is passed in publishing faults which we have not? you, who banter me, I have a thousand times seen you parry with facetious lightness and convert into pleasantry the very subjects which most excited your sympathy. In this respect we are all more or less hypocrites. Mad. de Nangis was wounded by this reply, and still more by the feeling which seemed to have dictated it. She revenged herself by cutting speeches the severity of which Valentine endeavored to mollify by conciliating words. Still preserving the show of the strictest politeness, the quarrel became spirited and produced a painful impression upon the feelings of the comtesse. For the first time she suspected the chevalier of a wish to please her sister in law and secretly accused him of the weakness of sacrificing her to his budding passion. She immediately conceived a just indignation, for the countess considered herself free from all reproach merely because she had a clear conscience as to the chevalier. Like all coquettes she cared nothing for compromising herself, and was indignant at being sus-

pected of a fault of which she had afforded every reason for suspicion.

The return of M. de Nangis terminated all discussion. He had dined with the Spanish ambassador and Mad. de Saverny had been the subject of conversation. Her brother congratulated her upon having made a most difficult conquest, that of the old commandeur of St. Albert. "He is an eccentric man," said the chevalier, "but one who is never wanting in taste."

"It avails him not," replied the countess, "for he loves no one."

"If you had heard him talk of Valentine," said Mons. de Nangis, "you would have a better idea of his heart."

"It seems to me," added the chevalier, "that he owes no less to Madame for the complaisance which she showed in listening to him for a whole evening."

"It was not through complaisance," replied Valentine, "his conversation has an inexpressible charm of frankness which renders it extremely alluring."

"I assure you," interrupted the countess, "that if you had been an idiot he would not have failed to tell you of it, for he never keeps the secret of a disagreeable fact."

"It appears," said M. de Nangis "that Valentine has cured him of the fault of detraction for after enlogising her he added that she was the first woman he had considered worthy to turn the head of an honest man and that nothing seemed so reasonable as to love her."

"I had not thought him so sensible," said the chevalier, so as to be heard only by Valentine.

A small boy out West one cold day was assisting his father to mark sheep with a paint brush. The father would catch a sheep and say to the boy "Mark that." After the job was done the boy started for his home, which was some distance off, and was overtaken by a minister on horseback, who, seeing the boy was bare-footed, invited him to ride behind him. After the lad was seated, he began to catechize him thus:

"My lad, do you attend Sabbath School?"

"No!" was the reply.

"You should attend Sabbath School, mark that! All good children attend both Church and Sabbath School, mark that!"

And many other good things the minister told the boy, always ending with the order to "mark that," when at last the boy shouted out,

"Mister, don't tell me any more, for I've got your back all marked over now, and it looks like thunder!"

In the Michigan Institution is a little boy twelve years old, bright and promising. On a recent Sunday afternoon, he with others went down to the creek near by. There were some boys from the city along engaged in the pastime of breaking the Sabbath: ie, fishing. Our little hero looked on the proceedings as nothing less than wicked.

Accordingly at the recommendation of some older boys who pointed out to him the fourth commandment; he walked bravely up to the largest of the Sabbath breakers, with the Book in his left hand; and with his right forefinger pointed out the commandment. Either struck by the size and courage of his reprover, or by the force of the commandment, the offender quietly put up his pole and left; others soon following his example. Thus, with silent finger, which spoke eloquently, did the little boy make an impression that perhaps many spoken words could not have accomplished. M.

GOLD—A deaf and dumb villain that seduces more men and women than all other rascals put together.

## DEAF-MUTES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

### Number VI.

In the Autumn of 1862, the sun had passed its meridian and was shining brightly: the air was clear and warm. The broad blue sky seemed to be purer than ever; there it spread in its unclouded glory above the distracted world, as if unmindful of the sorrow and cares of mankind. But on none did the sun shine with more brightness than on Mr. Gerrard, as he was standing with his folded arms amongst the people before the Libby's Prison.

Such notoriety did this prison obtain during the war that it may not be amiss to give some account of and incidents connected with it that came at intervals to the writer's knowledge.

Libby's Prison is located on the bank of the placid James River, within a mile or two of the once residence of the mighty Sachem Powhatan, who told the colonists that he was Emperor of the newly discovered continent; and still nearer the spot where the brave old Capt. John Smith laid down his head on a rock with apparent willingness in obedience to the untutored Emperor, to receive a death blow; but not however without the hope that his willingness to meet death might yet save him. The Indians present could not but admire his contempt for life, but they thought he must die, as they had determined to exterminate the colony, now enfeebled by sickness and starvation. Happily for the colonists, however, Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, reared in the forests where vices such as were subsequently introduced by Europeans were unknown interposed to rescue him, and on finding her entreaties disregarded, threw her pretty red plump arms over him with the heroic determination to save him or to die with him. The stern Powhatan was greatly affected, and not only liberated him, but also sent him home with abundant provisions.

But this is a digression. Libby's Prison, the main reservoir for Federal prisoners taken in the South, contained at times from 4000 to 5000, and in all over 140 000 were received within its walls during the war. Although it stands now as it did during the years of hostility, its many windows at which the human faces swarmed, are vacant: its glory and terror have alike departed; the guard has been relieved for the last time. The rooms are silent, only disturbed by the scamper of rats which dart into their holes as soon as any person appears.

As has been said before, Mr. Gerrard stood before the prison, gazing upward at inmates occupying the windows from which they could survey the country for many miles and behold on the left side, the river meandering in a very crooked way through the fertile country, and on the right, the town of Manchester,—the place like Brooklyn, inhabited by mechanics, clerks and other people of that class: Now and then he would twirl his thick stiff mustaches, in vain attempts to shape it a la Napoleon; the prisoners would only cast rapid contemptuous glances at the people below, and then look over at the country, perhaps calculating in their minds all risks of delivery from confinement, in case a friendly fleet should come up for the purpose—[the promise often made by the administration at Washington, but never fulfilled]

His curiosity satisfied, Mr. Gerrard was about to return home, when his attention was attracted by a prisoner talking by signs. He recognized him as Mr. Jennings, a mute educated at the New York Institution. An idea instantly flashed over his mind that he might have a little talk with him: that he might not be detected in such an engagement, he went around with rapid strides, to the back of a huge pile of rubbish, a short distance below; after first looking around, like a man about to commit a crime, to assure himself that none but

prisoners at the upper windows could see him, he picked up some old bricks and built a seat. This done, he seated himself with a handkerchief, somewhat soiled by reason of having no wife to wash it, in his left hand, which he waved, with his little finger of the other impressed on the right corner of his mouth—[the sign given Jennings by Dr. Peet at school] to attract his attention. Soon Jennings disappeared: though disappointed, Mr. Gerrard would not give up in despair; a little reflection convinced him that Jennings would come back to the window again, to breathe the pure air or to enjoy the luxury of being fanned by a delightful breeze coming up from the distant sea. He was not mistaken. Jennings appeared again in a short time, however with a cloud on his brow, as though he had had a quarrel with a fellow prisoner and got worsted; gazed at Manchester, and then turned his eyes toward his comrades surrounding him: not unfrequently did he scratch his head and catch a louse between his thumb and forefinger, and crush it mercilessly to death between the nails. Soon he sat down on the window sill, and looked down at the people and guards below and then over at the pile of rubbish, still further below: suddenly his eyes fell on Mr. Gerrard who was still waving his handkerchief with his little finger on the corner of his mouth, as already said before. The cloud on his brow instantly vanished: his face brightened at the idea that he might have a talk with him. In order not to be detected in talking with Mr. Gerrard by the guards who had often threatened to shoot any inmate caught in outside intercourse, Mr. Jennings left the sill and stood out of the sight of the guards, yet seeing Mr. Gerrard. The dialogue carried on, (tho' not smoothly on account of the inroads made by lice on the person of Mr. Jennings) between them, will not be transferred to this narrative by reason of its length, it would fill many columns in the *Gazette*. However a few extracts of it together with an incident that occurred in its beginning, greatly to the mortification of Jennings, will be put down here. The second battle of Manassas where Jennings fought bravely (?) under Gen. Pope, and was eventually taken prisoner, and the poor generalship of that officer, and the valor brilliantly displayed by Stonewall Jackson's Division in that conflict, who won the day, were the chief themes of his conversation; when he came to discourse upon the disasters which befell the Federal forces, he became greatly excited and talked with violent gestures, to the astonishment of his comrades, who surrounded him, gazing at the rapid, intelligible motion of his arms. Mr. Gerrard thought it fit to advise him to be calm and use less violent signs: Mr. Jennings, instead of checking the throb of rising passion, as he should have done, at the advice so friendly given, let it rise to its utmost possible height; he told him he did not wish to see him any longer, nay, he would never see him again. He used the word "Never!" with such violence, as to strike the face of a fellow prisoner standing by his side. Instantly mortification took the place of passion in his heart; however he turned to the prisoner and addressed him in the language, he having no slate or paper to write on, thus—

"I beg your pardon for the blow I have just inflicted on your face by accident. You have been my good friend in camp as well as in prison, and I hope you will continue to be such, notwithstanding the recent unpleasant occurrence."

The prisoner, still smarting with the stroke which would have prostrated any less robust person, did not understand the language that was in fact Dutch to him, shook his head, showed his formidable fist and disappeared among the vast collection of captives. The scene filled Mr. Gerrard's heart, hardened like Pharaoh's with actual mirth: he laughed convulsively till his throat choked and tears stood in eyes. Jennings' brow darkened, and addressing him, said—

"Why are you laughing? You caused the recent unpleasant occurrence. True, I am passionate; that I can't help. I do not." He was interrupted by the disagreeable sensation caused by a flea on his brawny chest, and he hunted it, but it escaped, greatly to the amusement of Mr. Gerrard. "I do not like to be advised or corrected by any person, nor even by Dr. Peet. I despise all people so officious." He paused to scratch his head. "I am always impatient of the restraints that refinement impose on society. I am fond of talking freely. I love independence. Until I came here, I lived independently in the great city of New York, despite my poverty."

"Your feelings and tastes are congenial to mine indeed" responded the merry Gerrard who hastened to humor him. "I am also of your way of thinking. Like you, I don't like the restraints of society: these caused me to leave home. I have been over nearly all the States, and several territories, Canada and Cuba. I have seen a great many people but of none have I had much opinion, except yourself and my wife who it pains me to tell you, is dead."

Again, I say we are of one mind: tho' you despise the officious people, including, I am sure, myself, I like you much indeed. You are smiling. Why? You believe I am flattering you? No, I tell you I am not. I must tell you once more I like you much; I admire your military bearing, and especially your stoic composure under the existing circumstances. My dear friend, I wish to tell you something. May I do so?"

"Tell me" promptly answered Mr. Jennings who was evidently pleased with the flattery. "I like you mightily."

"You seem to be worried by lice. I am sorry for you, but I hope your confinement will be short. How do you like the Prison?"

"Like the Prison?" inquired Mr. Jennings wonderingly. You say I like the Prison? No never! It is a vermin infected house. Every night since I was given a cot here, I laid down and closed my eyes, in vain attempts, to sleep. For what were vermin created? These pests will stick to me in spite of my efforts to keep them off."

All at once there was a stir within the walls: Mr. Jennings, like all the other prisoners disappeared. Mr. Gerrard wondered what caused the stir: that there might have been a quarrel among inmates which resulted fatally was likely; that they were summoned, by the commandant, down to that large room adjoining the office, to be transferred to some other prison was more probable. The abrupt termination of the conversation, happily carried on, irritated him not little: he would have preferred that it should not have been stopped. Whilst he was thus occupied with the reflections, Mr. Jennings appeared with his face pale with excitement and told him in a wild manner:—

"Two thousand prisoners will be selected from among us and those confined on Belle Isle, to be paroled and sent home tomorrow. I hope I shall be lucky. Come and see me again tomorrow."

"I am glad to hear it, and hope you will not be disappointed, I must go home: I'll come down again in the morning. Until then, I bid you adieu," said Mr. Gerrard as he was rising from the seat of bricks.

And he turned back on Mr. Jennings whose eyes were still resting on him and rapidly increased the distance till he was lost sight of. On did he thread his way thro' crowds of pedestrians of both sexes walking to and fro, urged on by motives and impulses as various as the houses they occupied: suddenly he fell in with two mutes who were coming down to visit Libby's Prison. When he acquainted them with the imprisonment of a Yankee mute at the prison, they entreated him to go back with them. He consented.

Pause, Dear Reader. It is necessary to give here the occupations

and appearances of the mutes, in order that you may form some idea of them, and you may afterwards imagine the misery of one of them and the fright of the other, when they got in the disagreeable scrape at the prison, but for which the writer would not have broken the thread of his narrative.

One of the mutes was Mr. H. educated and afterwards a teacher at the Virginia Institution but then a tutor in a private family in Georgia. Erect as an arrow, he was rather above the medium height, with a sandy beard and mustaches which mostly hid his lips: careful of his dignity and jealous of his repute, he would not mingle with bad society. He wore a suit of gray homespun with a felt drab hat on his massive head. Willie F. Johnston was the other mute—merely a boy who learned the alphabet for the first time at the Virginia Institution, and is now at the New York Institution to complete his education. Like other boys in Richmond, he wore a gray military jacket and had a gray military cap on his head.

Such were their appearances, when they stood before the prison, near the commandant's office, eyeing the Yankee mute wonderingly. Meanwhile Jennings was a quiet looker on with one of his hands under his blue undershirt: Mr Gerrard was silent, his eyes resting on the guards: who were walking up and down, in front, with measured steps. The silence was at length broken by Mr. H. who turning to Mr. Gerrard, asked him if Jennings was really a mute and was answered promptly in the affirmative.

"Why did you invade Virginia?" Mr. H. then asked Jennings; "We did not invade," answered Jennings with a sarcastic smile on his countenance, "but we came over to fight the rebels. The U. S. Government" he added, "has a right to send an army to or thro' any State. Virginia still belongs to the U. S. notwithstanding her secession. You do not understand the meaning of the word 'invade'. Let me explain—"

"Yes I know it," answered Mr. H. who was losing his temper at the reflection on his wisdom. "Yes I know it. You meant to insult me. I pity you. You are narrowed minded. You are invaders, robbers. I despise you all." Mr. H. paused to turn his eyes to Mr. Gerrard, as if expecting a nod of approval from him. The latter thought it proper to apprise him of the danger of talking publicly with a prisoner, in so close a proximity to the office, about which there were several guards on duty besides those in front, but Mr. H. fresh as he was from the rural regions, could not be convinced of it, and therefore persisted in talking. Jennings, in the meantime, no doubt remembered the unpleasant occurrence, consequent on his wild talk, and was quiet with his arms folded behind his back, probably collecting thoughts on the word "invade" which he determined anyhow to explain to Mr. H. And he did explain it, when the latter looked back at him again, and stated, by way of illustration that if Americans went into Mexico on hostile purposes, they would be invading that country; as it did not belong to the U. S., and the Mexicans would have a right to drive them back, and among other things that the Government was resolved to crush the great Rebellion at all hazards, and for that purpose, tremendous warlike preparations were being made at the North; thus creating a sensation in the bosom of Mr. H. In defence of the Southern States, Mr. H. reasoned on their secession and then proceeded to argue the invincibility of the Confederacy, and the cowardice, notwithstanding the superiority in number of the Federal Forces, as proven on many a battle field; and continued in this strain for sometime, drawing people to him, like needles attracted by the magnet, who gazed in wonder at his wild gestures. Mr. Gerrard, fearful of the difficulty the talk might involve Mr. H. and perhaps himself in, tried in vain for the last time to convince

him of the danger of such a course. Mr. H. would not heed his friendly suggestions; he would have his own way. Willie F. Johnston left them and stood at a safe distance, as a misgiving dawned on his mind that the talk would not be altogether without danger for them.

Totally ignorant had the mutes been of the fact that all the time the commandant, had been looking at them through the iron bars across the window in his office. Curious as he was, he requested all the guards on duty to pretend not to see them if they talked to the Yankee mute with whose afflictions he had already been acquainted. So, invisible to the mutes, he enjoyed the pantomime mightily as though he was at a theatre, which enjoyment his subordinate officers and clerks shared, not improbably at intervals, mimicking them within the walls.

The commandant would not have caused the mutes to be arrested, had it not been for the fact that any Confederate officer being derelict of duty would be reported to the authorities, as spies or informers were numerous and watchful everywhere, and in case of the charges against him being proven, removed from the office and sent to the "camp of Instruction," and on this account, he called in three guards and ordered them to arrest the mutes and bring them in, and at the same time, disperse the people. And after which orders, he requested his officers and clerks to return to their desks and work diligently, as if they were not aware of the mutes' arrests.

Let's go back to town. I am hungry. I have not had my dinner." said Mr. Gerrard.

"Please wait a little while, and I will go back with you. I wish to ask Jennings one more question. Why do you look seriously?"

"Look at those guards," hastily said Mr. Gerrard, pointing to them. They seem to be coming toward us, as if to arrest us, tho' they are not looking at us."

"Let's be off now! Now! We can escape by disappearing among the people" said Mr. H. whose face was turning pale.

And they started to escape, but the guards were too quick for them: they sprang on them like panthers on deer. Before they could recover from the stunning surprise, they were before the commandant whose features assumed gravity. He, with a pen behind his ear, eyed them minutely from the top to the bottom, as though they were captured fugitives from his "cage." Mr. H. stood aghast; he felt his knees trembling under him; that he might be sent to Castle Thunder filled him with dismay. Not so with Mr. Gerrard: as he had already got in numerous difficulties, from which, however, he almost invariably extricated himself, he soon recovered his equanimity; he took a philosophical view of the aspect. Now and then he nodded smilingly to the officers and clerks, to the astonishment of Mr. H. who asked him if he was not afraid of Castle Thunder, and his astonishment was increased tenfold, when he was answered in the negative.

As to Willie: luckily he stood, as has been said before, at a considerable distance from his friends; no sooner had he seen them arrested than he took to his heels, never stopping till he got within the walls of his father's house, which he would not leave for two days!

The commandant, after a brief pause, asked the mutes why they talked with a prisoner without permission from General Winder or himself, and Mr. H. at once wrote in reply, at length, and at intervals, paused to collect thoughts in defence of himself and his friend, in spite of Mr. Gerrard's remonstrations, who in vain begged him to answer the question to the point and write no more, reminding him of the proverb—"Silence is eloquent." The commandant after reading the lengthy answer, scribbled rapidly, and then beckoned his adjutant to



come to his side, and after whispering in his ear, handed the note to him, which proceedings alarmed Mr. H. greatly. The adjutant then told them by the wave of his arm, to accompany him. "Where are we going? To Castle Thunder?" inquired Mr. H. musingly.

"Ask the adjutant" was the cool answer of Mr. Gerrard.

"Will you have the goodness to tell us where we are going? By answering my question, you will oblige us much" asked Mr. H. handing his slate to the adjutant.

"To Gen Winder's office" was the laconic answer.

"To Gen Winder's office! what think you of Gen Winder?" asked Mr. H. turning to Mr. Gerrard.

"He has no heart: he is one of the Baltimore ugly Plugs; he is assigned to the important office, because he is inflexible and heartless. He will punish all disaffected confederates, spies, etc, according to the nature of their crimes," said Mr. Gerrard, smiling at the effect of his answer on Mr. H. whose face grew paler.

"Will he sentence us both to imprisonment?" inquired Mr. H. wonderingly.

"I do not know" answered Mr. Gerrard coolly, "but I do not care a—, if he gives me lodgings and board gratis in his Castle."

"Stop joking, we are in great peril indeed. If Gen Winder sends me to prison, I'll never visit Richmond again, nay I'll not even correspond with any friend here. Oh that I had never left the tranquil country or I had never seen the Yankee mute! What will my friends think of my arrest? "This terrible war"! said Mr. H. with a sigh of anguish.

Mr. Gerrard could no longer choke down the laughter which he had with difficulty restrained: he laughed with the keenest merriment, and his eyes soon got watery.

"Why are you laughing? mocking at me?" asked Mr. H. reproachfully.

Mr. Gerrard made no reply: his heart was too full of mirth. Soon they reached Main St.: walking up through the dense population, Mr. Gerrard smilingly said, "People do not seem to be aware of our arrests. How lucky we are! Thanks to the merciful commandant for sending his adjutant instead of guards with us. Yes, a thousand thanks to him! If he had sent us under the guards, we would have been objects of curiosity to urchins and little niggers who would have been following on our heels, and also gentlemen and ladies who would have been pitying us. Once more I say we ought to be obliged, nay, a thousand times obliged to the commandant."

"Please stop talking. Your signs will attract the public notice. Now be silent!" angrily said Mr. H. who did not feel obliged at all to the commandant, who in his opinion should have discharged them instead of sending them on.

They spoke no more: they walked faster, as the sun was descending rapidly behind the house tops and church steeples, Mr. Gerrard seeing, all the time, Mr. H. who was gloomy, thro' the corner of his eye. Half an hour later, they were before Gen. Winder who was sitting at his desk, between bright gas lights. After reading with his lips moving, the note just handed him by the adjutant, General Winder rose: he moved his spectacles from his large eyes, deep sunken under his shaggy white eyebrows and placed them lower on his nose, and then looked over at the mutes, with a sarcastic on his hardened countenance. Mr. H. stood aghast, he involuntarily cast his eyes on the floor, which was sufficient to renew Mr. Gerrard's merriment. Gen. Winder sat down again: after fixing his spectacles to his satisfaction, he scribbled, folded, put the paper in an official envelope and finally handed it to the adjutant, who after bowing in military style, made his speedy disappearance.

Instantly Mr. H's face turned pale, and his lips grew blue: his heart was beating so hard that Gen. Winder heard it and grinned.

"What is the matter with you? You look so pale" asked Mr. Gerrard, restraining laughter.

"Nothing" was the answer, "but I fear the adjutant will soon come back with some guards to carry us down to that detestable Castle."

Mr. Gerrard immediately stepped aside, and burst in a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which Gen. Winder even joined. Suddenly Gen. Winder rose, and pointing his forefinger to the door, told them to go. With surprised, gladdened looks on their countenances they hastily went thither and a minute later, they were in the street.

It was night. The moon was shining brightly: the air was cool and dry. The "Beauty and chivalry" of the city were turning out to enjoy the luxury of moonlight. Here and there was seen a watchman walking with heavy steps. Tho' Mr. H. was free again, still until he got within the walls of his friend's house, he did not feel safe from the fear of a second arrest. However he lingered with Mr. Gerrard among the nocturnal promenaders. All at once two finely dressed gentlemen were seen coming up. Mr. Gerrard jocularly said they were Gen Winder's detectives: they had arrested many an innocent person; they were heartless, as Gen. Winder's all other detectives were. This startling intelligence lent strength to the heels of Mr. H. who ran: his speed was increased so much when he recognized a guard who he had seen at Libby's Prison that his coat tails rose and were flying in the air. Mr. Gerrard could no longer keep up with him: he turned his face toward the writer's room No 20; he was merry. He had seen many ludicrous scenes in so few hours: these were too good not to be related to the other mutes in town who were fond of jokes like himself. That they would enjoy them heartily when related by himself, he knew. He knew also that as he was master of the sign language, and had the power of mimicking, he could as easily fill their bosoms with convulsive laughter and cause tears to stand in their eyes, as he now saw the moon plainly. He had had no dinner, nor supper, he knew, but he was not hungry yet. If need be, he could order some refreshments to be brought up to Room 20, knowing that the writer would raise no reflections, he hastened to Room 20.

Pause again, dear reader. Let Room 20 be pried into, and see who were there on that night. Around the table were seated Mr. James Fisher, a mute educated at the American Asylum, and three gentlemen, watching with their pipes in their mouths, a game of Euchre going on between Lieut. T. and the writer. Soon Mr. C. (a german) a genial fellow who occupied the room adjoining Room 20, came in with a bottle and some glasses, which he placed on the table, saying smilingly that he would treat them all, when the game was finished.

"I do not wish to sip of the poisonous fluid," said the writer.

"Nor do I," said Mr. Fisher, to whom justice must be done to say that he never drank.

Suddenly the door was flung open and in rushed Mr. Gerrard with his countenance radiant with merriment, exclaiming "Good news! Capital Jokes!" and sat down, laughing convulsively.

"What news? Tell us at once. Pray thee do so now," begged Mr. Fisher whose curiosity was excited.

"I'll do so, but I have a long story to tell: as I have had no dinner nor supper, I need something stimulating," said Mr. Gerrard, turning his eyes toward the bottle.

"That bottle contains the fiery poison, sent into the world by Satan for his own purposes," said the writer.

"A little of that will not be amiss, though" responded Mr. Gerrard,

slightly irritated. "You are," he said after a pause, "fond of joking as ever. You know the bottle does not contain the poison, but you know as well as I do that it has "Old Burngardner" in. I have not taken a mouthful since breakfast: I fear I may get sick, if I go to bed with an empty stomach. I'd like to have some refreshments brought up here," said Mr. Gerrard.

"Certainly, you must eat something. It is getting late: the restaurants will soon be closed. I'll send my servant on the errand for you. You must make out the order now," said the writer.

"Please make the order out for me," asked Mr. Gerrard. "Well, Tell me what you want." And the writer took up an old quill and wrote as follows:—

"Jonah P. White Esq.  
'Good Idea.'

Dear Sir.

Please send by bearer a cup of coffee, two rolls and a few slices of old Va. ham and oblige.

G. A. Gerrard.

Very respectfully,  
Room No. 20 Law Building.  
August 1862.

N. B. Send the bill.

The bell was touched: the servant came in; he was told to go at once to Restaurant "Good Idea" and bring the victuals ordered in the note which was handed him and he left.

"Let's wet our eye," said Mr. C. as he was rising from his chair.

The gentlemen except Mr. Fisher and the writer, rose simultaneously, and helped themselves profusely to the "Eye-Opener," and in a moment, the bottle was thoroughly drained.

The writer took away the chair standing behind Lieut T. The latter said he felt good, and the draught was decidedly the best he had tasted for two or three days,—at the same time sitting down, in the full belief that the chair was still where he had left it, and he fell back on the floor. He rose instantly, wroth at the trick.

"No more jokes," said the writer.

All the thoughts on the "Eye-opener" were swallowed in a roar of laughter, in which Lieut. T. even joined.

When quiet was restored, Mr. Gerrard with his face glowing with warmth, consequent on the sip he had taken, and his eyes sparkling, began the story: when the refreshments came in, he ate after the manner of men who considered eating as an evil necessity instead of a luxury to be prolonged to any length of time. With his stomach full, he resumed the story and was several hours in getting through. During the recital, he was frequently interrupted by laughter. He was clear and natural in the sign-language: the gentlemen readily understood him and joined the mutes in the hearty merriment. When the story was told, it was midnight: they one after another retired to bed, and half an hour later, were wrapped in sound sleep. Next morning the mutes above mentioned and the writer's brother went down to Libby's Prison to see Jennings. There was already a long procession of paroled prisoners in the street. Jennings could not be seen; after a diligent search, he was found out. The mutes were shocked to see a huge pile of old clothes on his back, as he was the only one in the vast body who carried any thing of the sort on his back.

"I pity you. The clothes on your back must be full of vermin. Best throw them away. Don't you wish to take the pests home," said the writer's brother with a contemptuous smile on his countenance.

"I don't care what you say," answered Jennings reddening with anger.

All at once the prisoners were ordered to march, and soon were lost in the distance.



FARMER'S COLUMN FOR MAY.

#### PLANTING CORN.

This is the main business for May. With the best land and best cultivation, a greater weight of corn can be raised on an acre than of any other grain. While wheat usually yields in the eastern states, only about 8 to 15 bushels per an acre, corn quite as often yields thirty to sixty bushels, while there have been examples of a yield of more than 100 bushels of shelled corn per acre.

Nor is this incredible. In every good land the hills may be three feet apart each way, which will give 4840 hills to acre. You can ensure 4 stalks to every hill, by dropping 6 to 8 kernels, and thinning out to 4 when you come to hoe. From each of these 4 stalks you should have one good ear, making 19360 ears to the acre; which if the ears are middle sized ones well filled, will shell as much as 97 bushels,—two hundred fair ears being the usual average to a bushel shelled.

Of course it costs something to raise such a crop; but probably it will on the whole, cost less to raise 60 to 80 bushels of shelled corn from one acre than from two to three.

For it will cost less to plow one acre deep and thoroughly than to plow two or three acres in the Slovenly, cut and cover way too many practice. The manure that spread over 2 or 3 acres will barely give a growth of stalks, with little ears; if condensed on one acre, will produce stalks fit to bear good ears, and have nourishment enough left to fill out the ears. And it will cost less to plant and cultivate well one acre than to plant and cultivate two or three acres in a Slovenly manner.

Wherefore: concentrate your manure and labor in a way to produce the most profit. If you only have about twenty or thirty loads of manure to spare put it all in one acre, and till that well. If you have plenty of manure, it will often pay better in the eastern states to raise only an acre or two of corn, and put the rest of your manure on your meadow land.

The best rule for planting corn is to plant when the apple trees are coming into blossom. This time is usually from the 5th to 15th of May near New York, but is a week later, I believe, in the latitude of Albany and Boston.

This month is also the time to plant many other crops, both in the field and garden,—and in general, the earlier in the month the better.

Beans, peas, beets, potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, squashes and other favorite edibles must all be planted in May. So must broom corn and Sorghum, the former to make your own brooms, and the latter to make your own syrup.

J. R. B.

No NAME.—Late last night, a deaf mute was picked up in the street in an intoxicated condition. The officer who arrested him had the greatest difficulty in conveying him to the Armory, the prisoner fighting and struggling desperately. Today Justice Milliken decided to send the prisoner to the County Agent. The mute could not communicate his name to the officers, and he was booked as "Dummy."

Chicago Journal, April 5, 1868.

## EDITORIAL.



The forty fourth annual report of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Danville has been received.

The chief feature of interest is the remarks on Deaf Mute Institution—the subject of marriage between first cousins is discussed with ability.

The school seems to be in successful operation and while differing from the Principal in some of the conclusions arrived at in his Report, we bid the institution God speed in the work in which it is engaged.

The number of scholars in attendance is 98.

The tenth biennial Report of the Board of Trustees of the Tennessee Deaf and Dumb school at Knoxville shows a list of 56 pupils, divided into three classes, receiving an annual appropriation of five thousand dollars from the State Treasury. J. H. Ijams is the efficient principal.

The fifth annual report of the Directors of the Minnesota Institution discusses the subject of articulation at length adhering rigidly to the French system of instruction by signs but not undervaluing the importance of cultivating the voice in semi-mutes and the semi-deaf.

The number of pupils is 27—15 males and 12 females.

The Institution is located at Fairbault and J. L. Noyes Esq. is the Superintendent.

From the forty first annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, we learn that the school was disbanded in March 1867 an account of the appearance of a serious epidemic which carried off five sweet youths.

The new buildings for the institution are rapidly approaching completion.

The report of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania school shows a list of 188 pupils on 1st. January. The school is in successful operation and has one of the most efficient corps of instructors.

Warring Wilkinson Esq. is the principal of the California Institution. From the 7th annual report we gather the following facts.—

Whole number of pupils in the school at the date of the report 48.

The new buildings for the school are in a forward course of erection.

The Boston Deaf Mute Christian Association have given up the rooms so long occupied by them at 221 Washington st. They are looking around for permanent quarters. An estate will probably be purchased.

We invite the careful perusal by our readers of President Hubbard's report. Massachusetts has not been "beating the air nor spending her strength for naught."

We have on hand a large amount of interesting matter for the June number of the *Gazette*.

The Editorial letter having been written in February describing icy winter scenes is considered out of place for soft blooming May. It is therefore omitted and thrown into our waste basket.

The Carlin and Burnett papers will be forthcoming yet.

## GREAT INDUCEMENT.

The *National Deaf-Mute Gazette* is published monthly at \$1.50 per annum. The proprietor makes the liberal offer to any one who will send him the names and address of twenty *new* subscribers and twenty dollars, to forward the *Gazette* for one year.

It will be seen that the person getting the twenty subscribers will be entitled to retain ten dollars.

Prussian journal relates a singular circumstance. In an Israelite community there exists a Rabbi, esteemed and loved by all. To prove their gratitude for services rendered, the community decided upon the suggestion of a rich merchant to offer the Rabbi a present of a ton of wine, and in order that all might contribute to it, it was agreed that each should bring a bottle of wine and pour into the receptacle. The Rabbi received with gratitude the offering, and deposited the precious liquor in his cellar. But, O grief! when he wished to taste it, a miracle had operated; instead of wine he found only water. His honest friends had all individually thought that a bottle of water would pass unperceived in the quantity of wine. Unhappily each had the same idea.

The above is so applicable to the matter intrusted to my care in behalf of the deaf mutes, for the benefit of the venerable Laurent Clerc, that I must beg you to insert it in the *Gazette*. The article on the "Clerc House" was published in the Hartford papers and also in the *Gazette*, and but *one* response of \$10. has been received. Recently the same was printed in form of a circular letter and more than 300 copies sent out; but *no* response has yet been received. Is it possible that the effort which promised so much in its beginning is to end so shamefully?

As I promised to make acknowledgments in the *Gazette* I am bound to make this explanation of my silence, and to inform the friends of the cause of our mortification and regret.

Who will give the wine?

Hartford April 15th 1868.

C. R. F.

Where is the best place to dine?

At C. D. & I. H. PRESHO'S  
10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue,  
BOSTON.

At all hours of the day and seven days in week.



## DEAF AND DUMB TALKERS.

Mr. Gallaudet, of Washington, in a recent report, has given some interesting details about teaching deaf-mutes to speak in the schools of continental Europe. The following account, given by M. Louis Leroy, in the Paris *Charivari*, relates to a school in Geneva which Mr. Gallaudet did not visit:—

The pupils, in recreation, were playing in a court planted with trees, running about, and not making much noise, notwithstanding that there were some little girls amongst the number. M. Renz, the master, received us with great cordiality. M. Leleux, the gentleman who took me there, mentioned our wish to visit the establishment. The master preceded us into the school-room, where our entrance was saluted by several "Bonjours, messieurs," pronounced by a few pupils who had preferred work to play. "Here are some little fellows who do not stammer in their speech," said I to Leleux. "Do they not pronounce well?" said he. "Admirably," I answered. The looks of these children had a special character of sharpness, as they literally devoured us with their eyes. M. Renz made a sign to one of them to approach, and asked him what we did when we came in. "These gentlemen sat down," replied the child. "And what does the tallest of them hold on his knees?" "His hat." "His cigar is out; will you give him a light to rekindle it?" The child replied, "Yes, sir," and ran off eagerly to get some matches. "Now," said the master, "recite a fable to our guests." *Le chene et le roseau* was immediately recited in a very agreeable manner. "What has struck me," said I to the teacher, "is singular clearness of the articulation. The inflections are as good as at the Conservatoire." This compliment seemed to give great pleasure to M. Renz. Some copy books, with excellent specimens of penmanship, were then exhibited; and these were succeeded by exercises in drawing diagrams on the blackboard, which were eminently satisfactory, the pupils tracing out with great skill the figure or the problem demanded by the master. "Well," said Leleux to me, "are you satisfied with the intelligence of these little fellows?" "Certainly," I replied, "but I have seen their equals in France." "You really think so?" "I am sure of it." "You may perhaps be mistaken." "By no means; I grant you that these children are in a fair way; but apart from their pronunciation, which is quite remarkable, I repeat that we have just as far advanced as they in most of our primary schools." "But yours speak and understand?" "Just like these." "No, for these were born deaf and dumb." "Impossible." "It is the exact truth. Come, now, there is one with his back turned to us; address him, and see if he will answer." "My little friend," said I, in a very loud voice, "I have here a delicious cake; will you have it?" The child did not turn round—he had learned nothing. I remained confounded, and more moved than I can express at the sight of these poor disinherited children of nature, to whom the sagacious benevolence of one man had almost restored the two absent senses.

## "JUST AS I EXPECTED."

An old lady was one night reading the passage in the Bible which speaks of the faith that can remove mountains. Now there was behind her humble dwelling in a high hill, which hid the nearest village from her view. She had often wished that this hill might be taken away; so before retiring she prayed that it might be removed, because she had faith that it would be done. But in the morning, when she arose, she lifted the curtain, and lo! the mountain was still there. Then the old lady said to her son: "Just as I expected, John, the old hill stands there yet!"

People will despise their own virtues, and censure their own vices in others. Nobody laughs at the folly of another so much as a fool; no man believes another so little as a liar; no people censure the talkative more than great talkers.

Life is a beautiful night, in which, as some stars go down, others rise.

## THE BLESSED.

Blessed are the blind; for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf; for they never need lend money, nor listen to tedious stories.

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder; for they shall hesitate about getting married, and keep away from political meetings.

Blessed are they that are lean: for there is a chance to grow fat.

Blessed are the ignorant; for they are happy in thinking that they know everything.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and features, for the gals shan't molest him.

Blessed is she that would get married, but can't; for the consolations of the gospel are hers.

Blessed are the orphan children; for they have no mothers to spank them.

Old Dick Wilson was quite as remarkable for quaintness as for laziness. As he had a passion for wandering about the hills and forests, and liked to boast that he knew all about roots and herbs, he was frequently employed, in primitive days, to bring to the frugal housewives the sassafras, winter-green, etc., etc., for their root-beer. On one occasion Doctor H— called on Dick, and, handing him a large basket, desired him to go to a certain spot, about two miles distant, and bring him a quantity of snails, adding: "Be as quick as you can, Dick, for I am in a hurry."

Muttering that "the Doctor is always in a hurry," Dick set off on his expedition; and the Doctor, after his round of visits, seated himself in his office to rest—study, perhaps, for it was long ago—and to wait for Dick.

In the deepening twilight of the long June day Dick appeared, and after carefully setting down his basket, seated himself with an air of utter weariness on the threshold of the open door.

"Well, Dick," said the Doctor, "did you get the snails?"

"Look in the basket, Doctor."

The Doctor looked, and to his vexation saw only two or three miserable "specimens" on the bottom of the basket, and exclaimed, irefully:

"Why, Dick, what does this mean?" ironically adding, "were there no snails there?"

"Oh yes, plenty on 'em there, Doctor, but it was *such hard work* to run 'em down!"

Excavations have brought to light, in Syria, a Hebrew house, dating from about the second century before Christ. Some of the rooms are in good preservation, and among the books found is a collection of Hebrew poems, said to be unknown to present Orientals.

Answer to Mr. J. R. B's charade: by R. M. Chamberlayne, of Virginia. Issac Lewis Peet, successor of Mr. H. P. Peet.

There are thirty-nine Jewish synagogues in New York and Brooklyn, and upward of 100,000 Jews.

Ancient relics, over which trees 200 years old are growing, have been discovered in East Tennessee.

## AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

## Report of President Hubbard of the Clarke Institution for Deaf Mutes,

To Hon. J. White, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Education.

DEAR SIR:—In accordance with your suggestions that the first report of the Clarke Institution for Deaf Mutes, in addition to a statement of the way in which the money received from the State has been expended, should contain an account of the original and history of the school, its purposes and aims, and of everything which would be desirable as a matter of future reference, we submit the following Report:—

The ablest friends the deaf mutes have had in this State were the the Hon. Horace Mann and Dr. S. G. Howe, co-workers in many benevolent efforts. The attention of Dr. Howe was especially directed to the subject of deaf mute education through his interest in two deaf, dumb and blind pupils,—Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell,—who were taught with success, from 1837 to 1845, by the finger alphabet; while Julia Brace, also deaf, dumb and blind, was taught for many years at Hartford by signs, with little success. Two deaf mutes were also taught by Dr. Howe by the same method. One of the teachers employed in this work was Miss Rogers, of North Billerica. In 1843, Horace Mann, then Secretary of the Board of Education, in company with Dr. Howe, travelled through Europe, and visited some of the European institutions for deaf mutes. In his seventh report he gave a short account of the system of education adopted in the German schools, and strongly advocated that system as superior to the one in use in our own country.

This report excited so much interest that the American Asylum at Hartford, and the New York Institution for Deaf Mutes, sent gentlemen abroad carefully to examine and study these systems. They returned, and reported that the system adopted in this country produced better results than those attained abroad, and therefore advised that no material change be made.

Mr. Weld, of the American Asylum, recommended that greater attention be paid to teaching articulation to semi-mute and semi-deaf pupils. In accordance with his suggestions, articulation was taught at the Asylum by a teacher employed for that purpose. These efforts were gradually abandoned.

But the labors of Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann were not fruitless. From time to time, the attention of the public was called to the subject; and a few parents, whose children had lost their hearing, were encouraged by Dr. Howe to persevering efforts to retain the articulation of their children, and teach them to read from the lips. The President of the Clarke Institution was among this number. He desired that others should share in the benefits of his daughter had received; and applied to the legislature of this State, in 1864, for a charter for a deaf mute school. In this application he was greatly aided by Dr. Howe; but the effort failed. At this juncture, Providence opened a new way to attain the desired object. In the fall of the same year, Miss Harriet B. Rogers,—a sister of the teacher of Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell,—ignorant of the interest taken in teaching deaf mutes articulation, and of the efforts made in that direction in Massachusetts, had placed under her charge a deaf mute, whom she taught by articulation, only knowing that this system had been successfully taught abroad. Finding success attend her labor, and aided and encouraged by a few friends, she determined to open a school, and issued the following advertisement, Nov. 7, 1865: "Miss Rogers proposes to take a few deaf mutes as pupils for instruction in articulation and reading from the lips, without the use of signs or the finger alphabet. The number is limited to seven, two of whom are already engaged." One year elapsed before she obtained the desired number of pupils. In June, 1866, she opened her school at Chelmsford with five scholars. Another entered in September, and two more in the spring of 1867.

In 1866 and 1867, the attention of the legislature was again called to the subject by the second and third reports of the Board of State Charities. Dr. Howe was Chairman, and F. B. Sanborn, Esq., Secretary, of the Board.

While these movements were taking place in the eastern section of the State, the large heart of one of the citizens of Northampton, John Clarke, Esq., was turned to this unfortunate class; and he communicated to his friends his desire to contribute towards the endow-

ment of a school in this State for deaf mutes, if such an institution was required. His friends conferred with Governor Bullock, who cordially entered into Mr. Clarke's views, and laid the matter before the legislature in an eloquent passage in his message of January, 1867.

That part of the message was referred to a joint special committee, who gave full consideration to the subject. The expediency of founding an institution in Massachusetts the merits of the different methods of instruction, and the time for commencing and finishing their school instruction, were discussed at length. Dr. Howe and Mr. Sanborn appeared for the Board of State Charities; Mr. Hubbard, for parties desiring an act of incorporation; Mr. Smith, of Boston, and other deaf mutes, as advocates for a school in Massachusetts, and for improved methods of instruction; Messrs. Stevens of Boston, and Turner and Stone of Hartford, for the American Asylum, and as advocates for instruction by signs.

The committee visited the American Asylum and the school of Miss Rogers, and made a report recommending the passage of two bills, which were passed and approved on the first day of June, 1867.

The first bill provided for the incorporation of the Clarke Institution for Deaf mutes at Northampton, with authority to establish classes for instruction in two other suitable localities.

The other provided,—

1st. For the education of certain deaf children between five and ten years of age, by the Clarke Institution at the expense of the Commonwealth.

2d. For extending the time devoted to the instruction of deaf children from six to ten years.

3d. For the supervision, by the Board of Education, of the instruction of all deaf mute pupils aided by the Commonwealth.

4th. For an additional appropriation to carry out these objects.

Mr. Clarke, whose modesty is as great as his generosity, was unwilling to have the institution called by his name, and it was only after repeated solicitations that he consented, in deference to the wishes of his friends.

The corporation was organized on the 15th day of July, 1867, and a code of by-laws adopted. It was decided that an articulating school should be established at Northampton, under the charge of Miss Harriet B. Rogers. A committee waited upon Mr. Clarke with a copy of the Act of incorporation and of the by-laws. They returned in a few moments, and reported that Mr. Clarke was ready that very morning to transfer to the institution forty thousand dollars in government securities at the market price in New York, and an additional amount sufficient to make the sum of \$50,000 when required by the wants of the corporation. The balance has since been paid. This is believed to be the largest donation ever made in this country by an individual to an institution for the benefit of deaf mutes.

The price for board and tuition was fixed at \$400, for tuition at \$100 per annum. These prices are less than the charges at many private boarding schools. The entire income from the fund is used to aid those unable to pay the full amount.

The question of a location for the school arose at the organization of the institution, and a temporary arrangement was made by which the teachers and pupils are boarded in a very convenient house on Gothic Street, Northampton, within a short distance of the churches, post-office, railroad stations, and hotels; and two large rooms were rented for school and recitation rooms, within five or six rods of the boarding-house. Large playgrounds belong to the house, which was formerly occupied by the Collegiate Institute. The children are thus continually under the eye of their instructors, take their meals at the same table with them, and constitute a large family and home school suitable for deaf mutes so young.

At the October meeting of the corporation a committee was chosen to consider the expediency of purchasing a permanent location for the institution. They conferred with Mr. Clarke, and, after a full consideration of the whole subject, it was unanimously decided that with the present fund much more could be accomplished by expending the income in the present manner, than by investing a large portion of the fund in land, bricks and mortar.

The school at Northampton was placed under the general charge of a committee, a majority of whom reside in Northampton or one of the adjoining towns.

The school has at present but two teachers, Miss Rogers, and Miss

Byam, her very ablest assistant, who was associated with her at Chelmsford. This is not a sufficient number of teachers in the present condition of the school, "as anything like systematic classification of pupils so recently brought together, so limited in number, and yet so diverse in age, capacity, wants and attainments is impossible. The number of distinct school exercises each day is twenty five, some of which are with individual pupils, and some with a large portion of the school."\*

Teachers should also be training for the work to supply any vacancy that may occur, and that the institution may be prepared to instruct the increased number of pupils which it expects to admit another year.

The school was opened on the first day of October, 1867, and now has twenty scholars. *Eight* are supported by friends; *one* by friends and the State; *three* by friends, the State and the institution; *six* by the State and the institution; *one* by friends, the State of New Hampshire and the institution,† and *one* by the institution. *Ten* in all receive aid from the Commonwealth. *Eleven* are either congenitally deaf or lost their hearing at two years of age or under, before they had acquired any language. A catalogue of the pupils is annexed hereto, and a statement giving some account of their progress.

The short time the institution has been in operation prevents us from giving a statement of the annual expenses, but a statement of the fund, and of the receipts and expenditures to the present date, is annexed hereto. The cost will be from \$350 to \$400 for each pupil, which is not a large sum considering the small number of pupils.

The committee of the legislature, in their report before referred to, state that the income of the asylum at Hartford "has enabled the directors to reduce the price of tuition and board to about one-half the actual cost"—making the whole cost at Hartford \$350. This sum is also the cost at the Blind Asylum.

It will be noticed that one pupil is supported wholly by the institution. She lost her hearing at three years of age, but retained her articulation, and therefore belongs to that class for whom the institution is peculiarly adapted. She was over ten years of age, and could not receive the State aid. Her application was made and accepted while the number of pupils was uncertain. Several others in the same condition subsequently applied for admission, but could not be received, as each one thus admitted necessitated the rejection of two under ten years of age.

Several of the present scholars will before another year have passed the age fixed for State aid, and the legislature must decide whether the education of deaf mutes begun in this institution shall be carried on here by articulation, or at Hartford by signs.

A larger appropriation for the education of deaf mutes seems necessary. Their number in this State has been variously estimated. By the last United States census, in 1860, the number was given as 427; but the editor of the Census Report declared this number too small, and estimated it at about 820 in 1860, or 850 in 1867. By the State census in 1865 it is given as 561. Mr. Sanborn is engaged in making a census, and already has on his list 810 names, with the residence of each. He has little doubt that when the whole State is thoroughly canvassed the number will reach 950. The average of these three estimates is 787. One fourth of this number, or 197, are between five and fifteen years of age;‡ 108 are at Hartford and 13 at Northampton, leaving 76 for whom no provision is made. This large excess is caused in part by the extension of the term of instruction without corresponding increase of the appropriation. The term was extended from six to ten years, or more than one-half, while the appropriation for their education was only raised from \$18,100 to \$21,500, or less than one-fifth. Thus, by one section of the Act, the State authorizes the Governor to send to school all such as he

deems fit subjects for instruction, at the expense of the Commonwealth, and by another it restrains him from so doing, by withholding the required appropriation.

#### METHOD OF INSTRUCTION.

The general education of deaf mutes was not commenced until near the end of the last century, when at the same time two methods of instruction were devised; one by Heinicke, of Saxony, who taught by articulation; the other by the Abbe DeL'Épée, who substituted methodical and artificial signs for words. The principles on which these systems were founded differed as widely as the methods of instruction. The former was adopted in most of the countries on the continent, and to a limited extent in England; the latter in France, whence it was brought to this country by Dr. Gallaudet.

These different systems are still employed in the same countries, though with so many and important modifications in each, that the originator would scarcely recognize his own work.

Signs were at first unknown in the articulating schools, and the instruction to a great extent was mechanical, the pupils repeating the words they were taught, very much as a parrot does. Years were expended in this profitless task, before giving the pupils language, or instruction in general knowledge. Gradually, in these schools, the natural signs and the finger alphabet have been introduced to explain the meaning of words, and facilitate the acquisition of language.

The English schools where articulation is made the basis of instruction, have made little progress during the last fifty years, and afford no opportunity for testing the system. In Prussia and Germany, great attention has been given to the subject, and very many works have been published, but they have not been translated. Our chief knowledge of these schools from persons acquainted with the education of deaf mutes, is through teachers connected with institutions using the other system, and their reports are not regarded by the German professors as giving a fair account of their method and its results.

In the French system, signs were originally used merely as substitutes for words, every part of speech and every word being translated by its fixed sign in the natural order or idiom of the spoken language. As hearing children learn the word by the sound, so the deaf mute learned it by the eye, the sign being the substitute for the voice. But the same objection was made to this system as to the other, that the pupils made the signs and wrote the words without having ideas of their meaning. To meet this objection, the system has been changed by substituting natural or descriptive signs as they are called, in a natural order or idiom. So great is the change, that the pupils of the French and American schools of the present day would be unable to comprehend the methodical signs of De L'Épée and Sicard.

The sign language has few parts of speech, a limited vocabulary, and an inverted idiom unnatural to one accustomed to the idiom of the English language. This language becomes the vernacular of the pupils, and in writing they frequently use their own peculiar idioms, called by their teachers "deaf-mutisms."

As in the German schools, signs have been introduced, so, on the other hand, articulation has been adopted as a method of instruction in the French school, and now in the school founded by De L'Épée and Sicard, and in which Dr. Gallaudet was instructed, "Dactylogy is made to perform an important part in the process of instruction, and at the same time opportunities for acquiring facility in artificial speech and lip reading are afforded to every pupil in the institution, effort in this direction being only suspended when plain evidence appears of inability on the part of the pupil to succeed."\*

The end and object of each system was the same,—to teach language, and enable the deaf mute to communicate with the world in which he lives. All agree that the means proposed by the German system are preferable, provided the desired results can be attained. The advocates of the sign language assert that this system has succeeded only in exceptional cases.

But while these changes have been made in the European schools, articulation being employed as a method of instruction in almost all these institutions, signs have been the sole method of instruction in the institutions of this country.

E. M. Gallaudet, Esq., the president of the National Deaf Mute

\* See Tenth Report of the Columbia Institution.

\* Extract from the report of the committee on the school.

† The corporation will apply the income from the Clarke Fund solely to the education of deaf mutes from Massachusetts. But arrangements having been made by Miss Rogers, while at Chelmsford, for the instruction of this pupil, the corporation carry out the agreement.

‡ Mr. Sanborn, in the report of the Board of State Charities, says that out of 762 on his list whose ages are given, 98 are of the age of 10 and under, 108 are from 10 to 15, and 92 from 15 to 20,—in all 298 under 21, and 206 under 18. Making the needful additions to the list, it is probable that the number of children of the school age would be found not less than 250, of whom only about three-fifths are or have been under special instruction.

College at Washington, visited Europe last spring, and returned in the autumn. The tenth report of that institution has appeared since this report was begun. It contains an account of his examination of the European schools, and of the methods of instruction pursued in them. It is ably written, and seems to be a very fair and candid report. It closes by suggesting the introduction of several new features into the management of American institutions.

"1st. That instruction in artificial speech and lip reading be entered upon at as early a day as possible; that all pupils in our primary department be afforded opportunities of engaging in this until it plainly appears that success is unlikely to crown their efforts; that with those who evince facility in oral exercises, instruction shall be continued during their entire residence in the institution.

"2d. That in order to afford time for this new branch, without depriving our pupils, in any degree, of that amount of training necessary properly to educate their intellectual and moral faculties, the term of study in the primary department be extended to nine years, and the age of admission fixed at eight years, instead of ten, as heretofore.

"3d. That such additions be made to our staff of teachers as may be needed to secure thorough and effective instruction in this new line of effort."

The Clarke Institution differs from all other American institutions in this, that it receives pupils at as early an age as they are admitted in our common schools, and in teaching by articulation and lip reading only.

At this school, before the articulating muscles have become rigid from want of use, and while the powers of imitation are the quickest, and the imaginative faculties the most active, the little deaf mutes are taught the powers of the letters, the articulation and meaning of words and short sentences, and simultaneously, by watching the motion of the lips in forming the sounds, to read from the lips. Natural signs, pictures and objects are used so explain the meaning of new words.

In order that the position of this institution may be distinctly understood, we state, in conclusion, the following as the basis on which it is conducted.

There are various classes of deaf mutes who cannot be taught by articulation. These are—

1. Those whose mental powers are feeble by nature or disease, and who are idiots rather than mutes.

2. Those whose organs of speech are imperfect, some of whom are not deaf.

3. Those who have sufficient mental ability, but who can no more be taught articulation than many hearing persons can be taught singing. In the first and third classes, the organs of speech are perfect, but the pupils do not possess the power or ability to use them correctly. How large a proportion of deaf mutes in our country belong to these classes is not known.

There are various classes of deaf mutes who can be taught articulation. These are—

A. Those who lost their hearing at three years of age and upwards, after they had acquired some language, which they retain.

B. Those congenitally deaf, who have good mental ability, and a capacity for learning to speak.

C. Those who are semi-deaf, and can distinguish articulate sounds, but not readily enough to attend the common schools with profit.

The proportion of deaf mutes in classes A and C is variously estimated at from one-twentieth to one-half. Perhaps one-half of the deaf mutes can be taught by articulation,—say three hundred, in New England,—sufficient to form a large school.

This school was established particularly for the education of deaf mutes of the classes A and C, but others of the class B have been admitted, and thus far have made satisfactory progress. Articulation is used as the means of instruction, because we believe it the best method for our pupils. The institution is not, however, pledged to any unchangeable system, but only to that, whatever it may be, which experience shall prove to give the best results.

NORTHAMPTON, January 21, 1868.

—Like putting a sharp knife into the hands of a little child, is leaving riches to children who have not been fitted by industrious habits to profit by them.

#### A Comical Misapprehension.

The following amusing incident is condensed from a long account of it given in a Southern paper: A countryman who was very deaf, driving a pair of mules before a wagon, was met by a negro with an ax on his shoulder, who asked him for some tobacco, which was promptly given. The negro thanked the donor, and looking steadily at him, repeated several times, "thank you, thank you." The white man, not understanding him, thought he was asking for money, and became very much frightened, and declared he had no money. The negro perceiving he was deaf, now shouted, "I didn't ax you for money;" but the man in his fright only heard the word "money." The shouting started the mules, who turned to the opposite side of the road, and the negro, fearing they would overturn the wagon, seized the lines to bring them back. The white man now felt sure that robbery was intended, leaped from his wagon, and started at full speed for the woods, with the negro following him and shouting to him to stop. Finding he was being overtaken, the white man suddenly stopped, and as the negro approached, sprang upon him and endeavored to take his ax. This alarmed the negro, who feared he might be killed, and a desperate struggle ensued. Finally the ax was thrown far away, and each combatant springing to his feet started and ran from the other. The white man soon gained a neighboring house where he told a fearful story of the attack made upon him, and not long after the negro made his appearance and related his version of the story. It was finally decided that he should be kept in custody, and the whole matter referred to the Freedman's Bureau the following day. Accordingly the negro was confined, and the white man stood guard over him. The next morning the sentinel was lying fast asleep by the door of the room where the prisoner had been placed, and the negro was not found at all, having apparently concluded it best to take his chances without a trial.

**AN ALLEGED IMPOSTER AND THIEF.**—During the past month a number of our citizens have been called upon at their residences by a man about fifty years of age, and to all appearances deaf and dumb. He gives the name of Charles Dart, and hails from Philadelphia. His calls were for charity, and in appealing for assistance he produced papers recommending him as a worthy object of charity. He has been looked upon with pity, and many a sympathizing heart has responded to his plea.

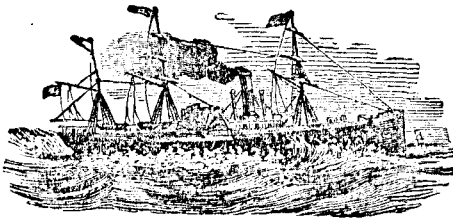
In many instances he had been received into the house, fed, clothed and even given money, and in nearly every instance articles, such as silver spoons and silver napkin rings, have been missed soon after his departure. The complaints of such thefts became quite frequent. Yesterday the "deaf and dumb" man called at Miss Wheeler's, No. 2 Rowe place, where he was taken into the kitchen; but while the girl was gone for food the applicant for charity took his departure and also about \$13 worth of silver spoons. This theft led to his discovery, and during the afternoon he was arrested by officer Moulton of Station Four, and locked up. At the Station House he found his hearing and speech, which was sufficient to establish his character as an imposter. Several parties have identified Dart as the "deaf and dumb" applicant for charity at their houses.

*Boston Herald*, April 15th 1868.

"Father," said a cobbler's lad, as he was pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite like everything now."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "stick to your work, and they won't bite you."

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

**Deaf and Dumb Amateur.**

It is a singular fact that the deaf and dumb are not excluded from the pleasures arising from music; a remarkable proof of this is related of an artist of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy, who resided some months at Uniumington, about the year 1816, exercising his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf. It will scarcely be credited, that a person thus circumstanced, should be fond of music; but this was the case. He was at a gentleman's glee club, and as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition door or window shutter, and would fix the extreme of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished; all the time expressing by the most significant gestures the pleasure he felt in the perception of musical sound. He was not so much pleased with a solo as with a pretty full clash harmony, and if the music was not very good, or rather if it was not correctly performed, he would not show the slightest sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in the case is, that he was cordially most delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he felt within any bounds, for the delight he evinced seemed to border on ecstasy.

At Dundee, Scotland, recently, a man forty years old, named David Connacher, residing in Perth Road, and who had been deaf and dumb for more than thirty-five years, was seized for the third time with paralysis. Nearly ten minutes before his death he rose up in bed, and distinctly said, clear and plainly: "O Mary, Mary, Mary."

**Affected Deafness.**

A stranger dismounted at the door of the—Hotel, and gave his horse to the officious waiter. The bar keeper opened the register to take his name.

"You are right," said he, "a single room would be more agreeable," and he walked into the supper room to which the crowd of boarders were passing. The bar keeper ran after him, screaming in his ear—

"What name did you say?"

"Thank you," said he, "I can find the way, don't put yourself to any trouble."

On his return to the bar room, a waiter took up his saddle bags, and told the deaf stranger he would show him his chamber.

"My friend, who will spend the evening with me, prefers plain sherry," said he. "You may send up a bottle, and a few cigars."

"I did not," said the bar keeper, "exactly understand your name."

"I think a little ice would improve the wine," was the answer. "And now I think of it you may put the bottle in a wine cooler." His friend now joined him, and they walked to his room together. The deaf lodger patronized the house to the extent of another bottle before he slept. The waiter who brought it up, ventured once more to inquire his name.

"Nothing more," said he, "except a slice of ham, a pickle, and a little bread and cheese." The next morning after breakfast when the stranger's horse was at the door, he asked for his bill. He was told it was six dollars and three quarters.

"You are very kind—I had expected to pay you; but if this is your custom, to charge nothing for the first visit, you shall not lose by it—all my friends in Spongeville will certainly give you at least one call when they come into this city—good morning."

"I would thank you to pay your bill before you go?" screamed the bar keeper.

"I am obliged to you," said the deaf gentleman. "I can put them on," and he took up his saddle bags and departed. As he mounted, the by standers began to laugh immoderately at the awkward embarrassment which afflicted the bar keeper, who was in despair, while he bawled after the delinquent, who continued bowing, and repeating his assurances, that he would certainly remember the accommodations, civility, and liberality of the house, and recommend it to all his friends who might pass through the city. The gentleman who so well affected deafness, won the wager he had staked on the success of his scheme, and paid his bill the next time he visited the city.

The Georgia Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Cave Spring is in a prosperous condition. The school resumed operations after a long vacation of seven years in February last. There are thirty eight scholars in attendance at present. It hopes to have more in a short time. Mr. Welsy O. Connor is the Principal. He has for assistant teachers—James S. Davis and James Fisher. The latter is a mute. W. O. Connor is a most energetic officer.

Cave Spring is in the northern part of Georgia and about six miles from the boundary of Alabama. This Institution lies nearly opposite the great cave. The rail-road (about 300 yards from this Institution) from Jacksonville, Alabama, to Rome Georgia, will be completed next summer.

Mr. James S. Davis was married lately to Miss Mattie Simmons by Rev. Mr. Brown at the Baptist Church. \*

1. Who was "as lightfoot as a wild roe"?
2. What tempestuous wind blew from North?
3. For whom did the dear apostle pray, lay hands on and heal?
4. Who walked naked and barefoot for three years?
5. Who kept his bed for eight years that the apostle called in the name of Jesus Christ, and who arose immediately?
6. Who was the first Surgeon?

Natick, April 20th, 1868

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me speak a few words through the *Gazette* on the various ages of my relations.

My great grand aunt of Westford, Mass, completed her 102d year March 13th last. Two grandmothers are 81 and 79. My father 78. One uncle 76, five aunts, 90, 85, 79, 79 and 77. Total 826 years.

I should like to know if any can beat this.

Yours truly,

A. Fletcher Osgood.



*For the Gazette.***Can a Deaf-Mute be insured?**

Not long since the subscriber applied for a policy of insurance on his life in the Hartford Charter Oak and the New York Mutual Life Insurance companies and was rejected by both companies—the reason was mainly his being deaf and dumb. They were afraid that he had no personal security against such accidents or emergencies that are in many cases, quickly communicated by the sense of hearing. What an absurd sentiment!

If any mute reader of the *Gazette* has got his life insured he will confer a favor on the subscriber by furnishing in this paper such information and the name and the locality of the Company in which he is insured. (The life of the Editor of this paper is insured in ten thousand dollars in Massachusetts Companies!) Life insurance is virtually the co-operative principle reduced to a science for the benefit of the insured or their families. The company is simply the agency for the management of and the distribution of the funds. All practical minded men, who are cognizant of the fact that many distressing cases of poverty are oftentimes those which arise from the sudden death of the supporter of a family or from his incapability to continue the active pursuits of life in his prime, do not fail to seek a good life insurance company on which to rely for a considerable amount as the coming bulwark of the possible indigency of their families or immediate relatives. As a general thing they regard such a company so reliably situated and so well managed in point of finance that they would repose their unshaken confidence in it as a solid investment.

Probably no impulse has previously crossed our mind that the system of life insurance is one of the best measures presented for our condition or the future improvement of our families to a considerable extent. The fact can perhaps only have been attributed to our long improvidence in the matter or our correct conjecture that we, as deaf-mutes, could not be insured.

If any company should, however, be willing to insure us it would, we opine, be a great privilege for us at once to avail ourselves of the blessings of life insurance. It should yet be considered especially commended to those deaf-mutes who are more fully assured of their ability to continue the customary payments of premiums either semi-annually or quarterly in the prime as well as in the lateness of their life.

For a small sum that can be easily spared out of the earnings of every deaf-mute, able to work by muscle or brain, security can be obtained against the worst vicissitudes of fortune in the two following shapes, viz—

1st. For about thirty cents a week a mute person under thirty years of age can secure his family or heirs a sum of one thousand dollars after his decease.

2nd. If he desires to make provision for old age a person of the same age can secure a thousand dollars on reaching, say, his fiftieth year by payments averaging sixty cents a week and in case of his death before the period stated, the money will be paid to his family or representatives. These rates, being so low, can be entirely within the means of the industrial mass of deaf mutes and probably many of them can afford to insure their lives for a couple of thousand dollars. In the manual of a company it is said that life insurance upon what is called "the common" and "the endowments" plans, meets both of the above mentioned cases and supplies a fund at a time when it will be most needed.

Therefore if poverty and beggary are destined to disappear from our community as we have reason to hope they will with assiduous

industry and advancing intelligence, it will probably be through the operation of life insurance.

For deaf-mutes living in every neighborhood and city it would be well for a number of them to make a virtual agreement with the view to guarantee to each other assistance when most needed upon a plan that is for their benefit, provided that they could fairly agree together and fulfill without fail their promise to the end. They can throw their savings into a common stock for their individual and collective advantage and entrust the management of the whole affair in the competent hands of a confident friend like Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of New York or Rev. Dr. Clerc of Philadelphia or the like in order that the whole might be carried out right and entirely satisfactorily to all concerned.

Through the aid of these gentlemen better suggestions may be acquired as to the best method they should take to insure their lives.

It is probable, however, not our province so much to point out the benefits of life insurance as to suggest the desirableness of its extension among all our fellow mutes yet it seems to be a subject of so profound and so beneficial concern that it is perhaps worth being taken up and agitated at their meetings and societies. The question should be settled whether we, deaf-mutes, can ever be assimilated with our more favored fellow men in possessing the boon of being insured in any way or upon any specified conditions whatever.

If every company in our Republic, should ere long be prevailed upon to insure deaf-mutes let it be our hope that it will not be far distant when it is as rare to see a deaf-mute in any rank of life without a policy of insurance on his life as it is now to see a house uninsured

Mexico, April 1868.

H. C. R.

**How to catch ducks.**

A Western paper tells a story of the curious manner in which the Indians in that section catch ducks as follows:

"Get a large sized pumpkin, cut a hole in one side, disembowel it, then stick the hunter's head in it, being careful to have eye let holes out of; then take a bag, wade out into the lake so that nothing appears above the surface of the water except the pumpkin, stand still, soon the ducks gather round the pumpkin; then cautiously take them by the legs under and bag them. The bag full, make your way for the shore."

It shows the cunning of the Indian and the silliness of the ducks. It seems like a cunning devil fooling the silly disbelievers of Divine warnings.

**FACTS CONCERNING HUMAN LIFE.**—The total number of human beings on earth is computed at 3,000,000,000 and they speak 3,063 known tongues.

The average duration of human life is 32½ years.

One fourth of those born die before they are seven years old, and one half before they arrive at the age of 17.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of 60.

Out of five hundred persons, only one attains the age of 89.

Sixty persons die every minute.

Tall men live longer than short ones.

Married men are longer lived than the single.

Rich men live, on an average, 42 years, but the poor only live 30.

There is a drunkard to every 64.

☞ A dancer once said to Socrates "you cannot stand on one leg so long as I can; said the philosopher, "True, but a goose can."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN SMITH.

Laurent Clerc.

*For the Gazette.*

The educated deaf-mutes of New England have, with most enlightened liberality, started a subscription for the support of their benefactor and teacher, Laurent Clerc, in his dotage. "Many blessings on my fellow-sufferers," said John Smith, "for this act of christian benevolence. This is only rendering 'justice to whom justice is due'—not an act of charity in the common acceptation of the term. A movement having for its object to lift a *benefactor* up from *want*, would not, as times go, be expected of a class of people once considered incapable of mental and moral elevation; but here, in fact and in truth, a commencement has been made, which bids fair to mark an epoch in the history of American deaf-mute education. Mr. Clerc is a foreigner, you know, but what a wonderful preparation appears to be made by the natives for their beloved teacher to live well and die well!"

Long distant be the day of his death! We surely cannot spare him: we want him: we hate to part company with those we love so well.

We are glad of the opportunity to show our gratitude to Mr. Clerc for his self-denying labors, of which no parallel can be furnished in the annals of American deaf-mute instruction. Our cheeks burn with shame at seeing one who has done so much for the glory of our educational system, doomed to drag out his days in penury—an old man tottering on the shores of eternity. This sense of shame is burning all through our being, as if it had been hell-fire, from the hands of a fiend in the shape of an angel. We are afraid—ay, afraid, because ashamed, to lift our eyes freely from the ground, even amid the solitudes of the mountains, lest the spirit of the sainted Gallaudet should see the brand of ignominy upon our brows.

"The deaf-mutes of New England, but more particularly the pious—aint they?—they say, though, that they live up to their profession—the pious managers of the Hartford Asylum," said John Smith, are under great obligations to the efforts of Mr. Clerc for the donation by Congress of a township of land in Alabama, which has been a source of wealth to the school. Mr. Clerc, unfortunately, has impoverished himself in giving largely to 'Old Hartford.' The principal and officers of the asylum—pious christians they are, you know—the Asylum officers, I say, make money 'hand over hand' to provide for a rainy day, while the venerable pioneer in the work of deaf-dumb instruction is puzzled as to what the morrow may bring forth. A christian forsaken in the hour of need by his fellow-christians! And an old man at that!!"

Here John Smith burst out a laughing—the scoundrel. Human nature is the same everywhere, though. I thought as a child, that everything in human shape was the essence of Divine goodness; but, con-found it, I have learned enough of the ways of the world to be able to laugh at the vices of men and women. Get a Police Gazette and laugh at its tales of moral corruption. Laugh and grow fat? Whenever and wherever "the true, beautiful and good" is found in the human world, how refreshing the spectacle! This is true of Mr. Clerc and the Messrs. Gallaudet.

Mr. Clerc's daughter, Mrs. Beers, like her revered sire, devotes herself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. And his gifted son, Rev. Dr. Francis Clerc, "breaks the bread of life" to the deaf portion of the population of Philadelphia, every Sunday, fair weather or foul. Dr. Clerc is a man of extensive literary attainments, an elo-

quent preacher, a genuine Bible Christian. "By his side," said John Smith, "all the teachers in our mute school will dwindle" as regards the range of general information. With the sole exception of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, they all thought it unbecoming their rank in life to take up preaching by *signs*. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Clerc belong each to an ancient and respectable family, they throw their whole souls into the (sign) ministry of the gospel."

In the earliest history of the Philadelphia Institution for the deaf and dumb, Mr. Clerc, then in the prime of life, organized and conducted that school upon principles similar to those of the Paris Institute. To him, therefore, is due the present efficiency of the Philadelphia Institution. "But," said John Smith, blushing up to his temples, "I exceedingly regret to be obliged to state that the Directors of the Philadelphia Institution *have* passed a resolution not to employ any deaf-mute teachers, male or female, in the future. As a general thing, the Directors of such schools are beyond the possibility of reform. I hold Mr. Clerc to be the most accomplished organizer of this kind in the *United States*, judging from the fact that the two schools which he has had on hand in organizing—those of Hartford and Philadelphia—have sent forth quite a number of intelligent and accomplished pupils, many of them called to new fields of labor. Several graduates of Hartford have edited or published newspapers. One of them is a justice of peace; which is quite a novelty for one laboring under such disadvantages. Of the graduates of Philadelphia, one, born deaf, has succeeded in writing poetry, and has been made an A. M.; another became the best lithographic engraver in the country; a third wrote and published a work on Ancient Mythology; a fourth invented several pieces of mechanism; a fifth was Recorder of Deeds in his county; two edited, printed and published a weekly newspaper out in the West, without any assistance from speaking people as is customary in other quarters; one was a merchant; two or three were soldiers in the recent war."

Mr. Clerc's addresses, as far as I have seen them, are full of wisdom, the result of experience, and deserve to be published in pamphlet form for future reference. John Smith vows that nearly all he has seen of the writings of the teachers of deaf-mutes, relating to the theory and science of teaching, deserves to be "knocked" into nothingness. "If these wise teachers," says he, "try to find fault with Mr. Clerc's style of writing, well, style has nothing to do with the infinite value of his experience in dealing with different minds. His experience we wish to profit by. Mr. Jacobs of the Kentucky Institution, while he is an elegant writer, knows how to adapt his instructions to different minds. I bear no ill-will towards the principals or their subordinates, I assure you; I know that no one is perfect; but when I see anything go wrong, I feel it my duty to dwell on it in order to a reform. Let him hear who has an ear; but if he wishes to know nothing of the question in dispute, we had best let him alone."

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

New York, April 8. 1868.

There have been several changes in our corps of teachers since New Year. Miss Annie E. Cooke accepted an offer of a situation as private teacher in the family of a gentleman of Alabama who had a little deaf mute girl; and departed for her new home in the sunny South, leaving behind her only pleasant memories and kind wishes. The gentleman referred to came to the North to satisfy himself by personal investigation what was the best method of instructing deaf mutes, and after witnessing the results attained in the articulating school in this city, gave the preference to the method of signs, as

practiced in the New York Institution. He was probably of the same mind as the French lady, whose little deaf mute girl was trying to learn to speak, and who said to her, "I would much rather you would make signs than speak, for when you make signs you are interesting, but when you speak you weary us." (*ennuies*)

Rev. J. R. Campbell, a native of India, (son of a missionary there,) has left within a week. After only a few months trial, Mr. C. seems to have concluded that teaching deaf mutes was not his proper vocation; and has gone to Philadelphia with the purpose of devoting himself to the labors of the Christian ministry

Miss Isabel Vandewater, a semi-mute, who graduated from the High Class with distinction last summer has been appointed in place of Miss Cooke and one of the present members of the High Class, R. B. Lloyd, is expected to take Mr. Campbell's place. He has been absent from school for two or three weeks, on account of his father's death, but is expected back daily.

Our new Reports will, I hope be ready for delivery long before this will be printed.

Our venerable Emerilus Principal, Dr. Peet, who was partially disabled by rheumatism in his hands last month, has recovered his usual health, and bears his 74 years well.

Our zealous Principal, (I. L. Peet A. M.) has been obliged to go to Albany about half a dozen times the past winter and spring to look after the interests of the Institution before the Legislature. He has gone again on that errand today.

The High class of the New York Institution have formed a Boat Club, on the occasion of the purchase for the Institution of a nice boat twenty two feet long, and capable of carrying fifteen or sixteen persons. The officers of the Club are Robert Hughes, Captain, Peter Witschief and Thomas H. Jewell, mates. B.



In New London, Conn, March 26th 1868, by Rev. J. C. Foster, Mr. P J. Jeffrey (hearing) of N. L. to Miss Georgie F. Rogers of Montville.

In Rochester, Missouri, Dec. 25th, 1867, Mr. John R. Laughlin, of Quincy, Illinois, (graduated at Jacksonville Ill.) to Miss Clara L. Sanders (graduated both at Ill. and Hartford, Conn.)



In Richmond, Maine, February 26th, 1868, George W. Campbell. Aged 31 years.

#### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All communications for the GAZETTE, and all subscriptions should be sent to PHIL W. PACKARD, Editor and Proprietor. A list of our duly authorized agents can be found on our first page. We shall not be responsible for money sent to any other than ourselves or our agents, whose names we shall announce in our columns from time to time for the information of our subscribers.



#### LINES TO A LADY.

BY F.

The starthall, when I look around,  
Attracts my trembling heart to muse,  
Is lovely one, but all Thine own,  
And robes they form in Beauty's hues!  
If thoughts of love glance o'er thy breast,  
They sweetly respond in my own;  
And dear to me Earth and its rest,  
If once to me that love be flown,  
And Heav'n its ampler stores reserves,  
Above the glitt'ring hosts of night.  
To seal our lives, as it preserves  
A friendship form'd under its light!  
I think of thee at dappled morn,  
When mounts the lark the welkin blue,—  
And cynthia fills her silver horn,  
While bright Aurora tints the dew.  
And when the golden hours of noon  
Betoken coming glories, yet,  
A presence thrills me like a boon,—  
Thy unforgotten eye of jet!  
I dream of thee when, softly, sleep  
On lid, unsullied pours a balm,—  
And Angels, hov'ring, wardship keep  
O'er souls, pure, happy, pious, calm.  
Soft be thy repose, pure thy peace.  
At winnowing years come, circling by;  
And orients mornings never cease  
To keep thy bright eyes ever dry!  
And, do we name the Eternal One,  
And, sympathetic, bend to pray?  
And settles on our souls the tone;—  
The promise of the Heav'nly day?

Louis Napoleon receives as salary \$14,240 per day; Queen Victoria \$6027; Francis Joseph, \$10,950, and the King of Prussia, \$8210.

A Chinese sword-swallower, at Marseilles, who fires off a rifle with the hilt while it projects from his mouth, had the weapon forced down his stomach by the recoil of the firearm, and found it inconvenient to digest.

Gentlemen, while riding in horse cars, are invariably observed to give way to ladies that are young, good-looking and well-dressed. To any others they appear to be very nearly blind as well as deaf.

There are sixty thousand Chinaman in California, but a drunken one is a rare sight.

Kissing a factory girl may be called a "mill privilege," particularly if there be a high water-fall on the premises.